

[Small Town Folkways]

W1220

Beliefs & Customs - Folkstuff

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Title Small town folkways

Place of origin Portland, Ore Date 2/20/38

Project worker William C. Haight

Project editor

Remarks L Reminiscences

Form A

Library of Congress

Circumstances of Interview

Federal Writers' Project

Works Progress Administration

OREGON FOLKLORE STUDIES

Name of worker William C. Haight Date February 20, 1939

Address 1225 S.W. Alder Street, Portland, Oregon.

Subject Small Town Folkways

Name and address of informant Mrs. Ingalls, Elk's Building, Portland, Oregon

Date and time of interview February 17 & 20, 1939.

Place of interview 1225 S.W. Alder Street, Portland, Oregon

Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant

None

Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

None

Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

Informant interviewed at room of worker.

Form B

Library of Congress

Personal History of Informant

Federal Writers' Project

Works Progress Administration

OREGON FOLKLORE STUDIES

Name of worker William C. Haight Date February 20, 1939

Address 1225 S.W. Alder Street

Subject Small Town Folkways

Name and address of informant Mrs. Ingalls, Elks Building, Portland, Oregon

Information obtained should supply the following facts:

1. Ancestry
2. Place and date of birth
3. Family
4. Places lived in, with dates
5. Education, with dates
6. Occupations and accomplishments with dates
7. Special skills and interests
8. Community and religious activities

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9. Description of informant

10. Other points gained in interview

1. German-Welsh.

2. Lebanon, Linn County, Oregon, October 24, 1873.

3. Two sons, Harold and Ronald.

4. Goldendale, Washington; Lyle, Washington; County of Klickitat, Washington; Hood River, Oregon; Lebanon, Oregon; Portland, Oregon since 1936. (Other dates not remembered).

5. Country schools. Equivalent to present day high schools.

6. Housewife. Employment director of the Hood River Apple Growers Association for 17 years. This work was seasonal. Research worker on the Federal Writer's project of the Works Progress Administration.

7. Ardent knitter—"one of the first water."

8. Secretary, Workers' Alliance. Deaconess, First Congregational Church. Brought up on Methodist camp meetings.

9. One of Mrs. Ingalls most noticeable physical characteristics is the manner in which she walks: each step is taken decisively, and precisely. Her general manner is direct.

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Mrs. Ingalls is of medium build; well distributed. Her height is approximately five feet eight inches. A pink complexion and a fine skin minimize the few wrinkles in her face. Her short, wavy, white hair makes a pleasing crown for her bright, blue eyes. When she laughs she

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tucks her head against her right shoulder, making her laughter have an impish quality. Neatness and the color of blue are the most noticeable characteristics of her dress.

10. Mrs. Ingalls' speech has none of the color of folk colloquialism. In fact, her English is superior to the average person. She spends much time going over the notes of a dead literary brother. Her devotion to this brother is a noticeable expression of her life.

Form C

Text of Interview (Unedited)

Federal Writers' Project

Works Progress Administration

OREGON FOLKLORE STUDIES

Name of worker William C. Haight Date February 20, 1939

Address 1225 S.W. Alder Street, Portland, Oregon.

Subject Small Town Folkways

Name and address of informant Mrs. Ingalls, Elks Building, Portland, Oregon.

Text:

Religion with its attendant evils and terrors has grotesquely colored the memories of my early life. Mother was a devoted religious character. The Methodist doctrine of religion was the beam of faith and light that guided her to live her own life, and train we [us?] children to live ours. With a mingled picture of pain and amusement I recall those seemingly never-ending and most assuredly nightmarish Methodist Camp Meetings. Of these meetings I will speak later.

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My mother's strict and severe attitude necessarily imposed restrictions on our amusements that our contemporaries did not feel. To be young, gay, with a keen zest for living, the denial of the right of amusement other than religious gatherings would naturally lead to a revolt of youth. This revolt assumed proportions of chaos in our family. Never did I carry the revolt to playing cards, a sure sign of the devil taking hold. However, dancing I did go!

For some time I had been going to dances without mother's knowledge. The night I told her I was going to a dance I left her in tears. To my mother, I was taking the shortest, easiest, and quickest road to Hades.

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The preparations necessary to make before attending a dance were nearly as much fun as the dance. I have spent hours getting my dress, numerous petticoats, and other clothes ready. Anticipation of the gala event was a real thrill, due, I presume, to the few dances, or, for that matter, community gatherings our small village afforded.

The swain calling for me always brought a horse with a side saddle for me to ride. A thrill that modern girls miss is sliding off of the horse into the young swain's arms!

Young men of that district were limited in the necessities of appeasing their vanities. This lack was met by characteristic substitutions, and by make-shift appeasements. The style of combing their hair in that period was a severe parting in the exact center of the head. Bear grease liberally mixed with a pungent and odoriferous perfume was used to plaster the hair down. My, how their hair shone! If the supply of cheap perfume was lacking I believe they used sachet powder.

Our dances were held in the schoolhouse. The men would push the benches and tables, that during the day were used for school, back against the wall. The orchestra used a slightly raised platform where the teacher's desk set. The end opposite the orchestra was

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used for a dining room. Here we would gather around about twelve o'clock and have a big lunch. Lunch is really a vast under-statement. The food was not fancy but abundant.

The dances of that period were nearly as strenuous as the modern jitterbug's Big Apple. The old square dances usually ended in hilarious exhaustion. I can still hear the voice of the caller ringing clear above the din of the music.

3

Some of the dances we danced were, quadrilles, The Girl I Left Behind Me, Money Musk, and the Virginia Reel.

Often times we would play games at these community dances. I remember one game well. The words of the song were:

Weavily Wheat Your weavily wheat isn't fit to eat And neither is your barley. We'll have the best of Boston Wheat To bake a cake for Charley.

2. Oh, Charley, he's a fine young man And Charley, he's a dandy. And Charley, loves to kiss the girls Whenever they come handy.

3. Oh, don't you think he's a fine young man? Oh, don't you think he's clever? And don't you think that he and I Could live in love forever?

Other games played that included dancing were: Skip to My Lou, and Old Dan Tucker.

Oh! I just remembered the words we sang to Old Dan Tucker! Old Dan Tucker was a fine young man He washed his face in the frying pan He combed his hair with a wagon wheel And did with a toothache in his heel.

Chorus Cheer the way for Old Dan Tucker! He's too late for his supper.

4

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Many times we would crowd around the organ or piano and sing the popular songs. Oh dear, how quaint they sound today! Most of the ballads were interminably long and morbid. Those in high favor in our young group were:

Do They Miss Me at Home?

Somebody's Darling

Fair Charlotte

I'll Be All Smiles Tonight, Love

The Dying Musician

Wake, Nicodemus

Little Nell of Narragansett Bay

Over the River

The Dying Nun.

Seemingly death was in high favor for the themes of ballads. Why? I am sure I don't know.

You know while trying to remember some of these early happenings I happened to think of a story of an early courtship. Although dancing has little to do with the story, without our community dances the romance would not have flourished as well.

I have taken the privilege of writing the story down for you. So, here it is.

Story Of An Old Time Courtship.

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A young man who lived on a farm became enamored of a young woman. He was seventeen and she was fifteen. The girl's parents lived in the mountains quite a few miles from the boy's home and he had to ride horseback over the 5 trail when he wished to see her. The parents of the girl became homesick and decided to return to their old Missouri home. This did not suit the young couple, and they began to have ideas about eloping. One evening he went over to talk things over with her and his horse broke loose. He attempted to catch it but it kept out of his reach, and in chasing it he finally found himself at home again. As luck would have it, 30 or 40 pigs had broken into a field and it was his job to get them out and into their own quarters. By that time it was too late to go back, and the girl and her family departed the next day. He went to a neighboring city but failed to find her there, as her parents, who were not in sympathy with the young people's plans, had their suspicions and took steps accordingly. The young man gave up then, went back to school, on to college and fitted himself for a profession. All because a saddle horse ran away at the right time.

Another story that I wrote down for you has to do with a corpse. My goodness, after giving you the names of all those morbid songs it will probably seem strange to you that I would have a story about a corpse. So be it!

Descent of the Corpse.

A family consisting of a man, his wife, and two babies, had a little home far back in the mountains. The man became ill and died, and somehow the wife managed to get word of this trouble to the outside. As was always the case in pioneer days, help came; this time a man and a fifteen year old boy. They went up into the little attic room where lay the man's body, to bring it down. The only means of entrance or exit was down a ladder and as they carried the 6 corpse down the man who came last somehow slipped and let go of the body. The boy, of course, could not balance the weight of the body alone and

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down the ladder he fell, with the dead man landing on him as they reached the bottom of the ladder. Years afterwards when the boy had become the pastor of a large church this woman's home was in the same city, and they met again. Her family now grown, all became members of his church.

Now, to skip back from the morbid story of a corpse to the lighter side of life.

Another popular diversion was barn raising. When a neighbor needed a new barn all of the people for miles around would come to the farm and help him raise the barn. During the day the women would exchange bits of gossip, recipes, and medical remedies. The children too young to work would play games, Baseball, rope skipping, drop the handkerchief, and the Flying Dutchman — much the same as children today.

When the barn was finished the men would hang gas lanterns on the beams, and the evening would be spent in dancing.

There was a song that I used to hear my father sing while working, and one time I remember the men sang the song while they were working at raising a barn. The song was called:

The Song of the Troubador. Gaily the troubador touched his guitar As he was hastening home from the war. Lady love hither I come, Lady love, lady love, welcome me home.

2. She for the troubador Hopelessly wept; Sadly she thought on him While others slept. Singing in search of him; Troubador, troubador, haste to thy home.

7

That is all I can remember of that one. There are two lines I remember from another song that father used to sing a great deal when plowing or working around the farm. "I came to the spot where the white pilgrim lay, and longingly stood by his tomb"—

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The rest of it I just can't remember.

Odd little scraps of memory filter in when I get to thinking of those early times.

An uncle of mine every summer for years would go gold mining. As soon as the weather was good enough to travel he would saddle the burros and strike for the mine he was searching for. He had a map that supposedly was the key to a vast mine of gold on Mt. Adams. I suspect he covered every inch of that mountain. All that he ever received for his trouble was the condemnations of an irate wife when he returned from his search.

This same uncle always finished his prayers with "Oh Lord! We thank thee for health, such as 'tis." This always struck me as being quite funny.

Then, everyone carried a small gold locket. In these lockets were pictures of your loved one and a lock of hair. It seems such a filthy thing to collect from anyone. However, hair was an important part of your keepsakes. Gracious, how glad I am that we don't have to subscribe to such monstrosities today.

Another little scrap that might indicate a little how we decorated our homes. We would cross-stitch on a perforated cardboard such little gems as "God Bless Our Home", and other scriptural statements. Poems were often cross-stitched too.

8

Three local sayings that most everyone used all the time were:

"Has the nerve of a government mule."

"I'll put on my thinking cap."

"I reckon she'll do as I say."

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The only riddle that I can remember was: "If Moses was the son of Pharoah's daughter, who was the daughter of Pharoah's, son?" Now, dear me, I hope I told you to put the comma in the right places because that is the key to the riddle.

Ghost stories? Yes, of course, I know some ghost stories. I don't suppose there was any primitive community that did not have its tale of ghosts. I have written down two of them for you.

Ghost Story No. 1.

A young man out horse-back riding one night heard something coming , rattling chains. As he rode on, some creature in strange garb went with him, carrying the rattling chains, and pressed close to his horse for some miles when it faded out of the picture.

Ghost Story No. 2.

One night a family heard a pot boiling in front of their fireplace, but there was nothing in sight. In an attempt to locate it they pulled up the floor, and found nothing. They kept on and dug up the ground, the pot boiling all the while just ahead of them as they dug. At last they had to give up the search, and the pot boiling finally ceased.

9

Many of the superstitions the folks had in our community are still in vogue. The most common ones used I can remember are:

If you carry a hoe, spade, or shovel in the house, you must carry it out the same door you came in by, or a death will follow.

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If all the food on the table is eaten it will be a clear day tomorrow.

If you start to go somewhere and come back for something you will have bad luck.

If you count the number of rigs in a funeral procession you will soon have a death in your own family.

If two forks are laid at a plate with no knife you will be invited to a wedding.

That cats go crazy when a death occurs in their environment, and consequently are kept out of the house on such occasions.

If you drop a dish towel on the floor, a worse housekeeper than yourself is coming to visit you.

Never begin a task on a Friday that you can't finish that week, or expect ill.

If ears itch or burn, someone is talking about you.

That the doctor brings the baby in a black bag. (Juvenile).

A peculiar noise heard three times in succession at night, means someone will die.

If two people die in a community there is sure to be a third to follow soon.

If a bird flies into your house there will be a death within a year.

If you break a looking-glass there will follow seven years bad luck.

10

If 13 dine at a table one person will die before the year is over.

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[Planting supersititions?] that my uncle followed were:

Plant root vegetables by the dark of the moon, other vegetables by the light of the moon.

Warts are obtained from frogs. To rid yourself of these warts, it is a sure cure to steal a dish rag from your mother and bury it.

Most of the medical cures used in those days were superstitions too. So, I will give you the cure-alls of the day, along with this list of superstitions.

For a sore throat an assafoetida bag was tied around the neck.

Or, a dirty sock that you had worn was wrapped around your neck, with the foot of the sock over the part of the throat that was sore.

Children were greased with goose grease for colds. An onion poultice was often used. Horehound syrup was often used.

Sulphur and molasses were used in the spring to clean the blood from the long winter sluggishness.

Blue pills were used for a physic. A large amount of calomel I expect was hidden underneath the apparently harmless blue coating. Potent was the word for them!

Castor oil was not quite as tasty as the blue pills but effectively used.

Hostetters Bitters and Peruna were tonics used profusely by the men. I am sure that there wasn't a home in our community that didn't have a generous amount of one of these tonics. I suspect the reason was because both tonics had a strong alcoholic base. Bitters time was just before dinner.

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The interpretations of dreams played an important part in those days. I still have my early dream book. The explanation given some of our dreams is 11 fantastic. Usually what you dreamed meant just the opposite.

For example, if you dreamed of a wedding, it meant a death.

A death meant good luck.

If you dreamed of a muddy river it meant bad luck was dogging your trail.

If the river was clear, you need have no worries, your luck was good.

These are all the superstitions that I can remember that were common to our environment.

Note: The following songs were sung when the informant was a girl. These songs are written in ink in an old copy book. The words are obtainable if desired. (National office please advise).

Belle Mahone

Genevieve

Rose Wood Casket

Belle Branefon

Come, Put Me In My Little Bed

The Last Fierce Charge at Fredericksburg

The Little Mohoe

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Footsteps that Never Come

The Picture Turned Toward The Wall

Under the Snow

Fallen Leaf

My Step-Mother

Somebody's Waitin' For Me

Better Than Gold

The Methodist Camp Meetings I attended were held under a large grove of trees, near the outskirts of our community. We would always take our tents, and enough provisions to last at least three weeks, the usual length of time for revivals. They were really an event in our lives. People would come from miles to hear the preachers and pray.

12

The grounds of the camp were covered with sawdust, mainly, to keep the dust down. One of the first chores of the morning for the boys was packing buckets of water from a nearby creek to wet down the sawdust.

The evening service was usually a conversion service. The mourners — confessors, giving up their earthly desires, seemed to give them up easier in the evening. Perhaps they were exhausted by the rigorous praying going on all day.

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The service always opened with an appeal song. A popular opener was: Come to Jesus, come to Jesus Come to Jesus now, He will save, he will save you He will save you now. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus.

Let us pray:

Groaning, moaning, screaming and hysterical laughing and talking would rend the air!

"I am coming to Jesus!

"Yes, Jesus, I am coming."

"Glory!"

"Halleluiah! Glory to God!"

"I am coming to Jesus!"

"Yes, that's so!"

"I am coming to Jesus!"

"Glory, Halleluiah!"

"Jesus save my soul!"

"Amen!"

All were fervent petitions to God to help them lead the righteous life and turn away from the old sinful worldly ways.

13

"Yes, Jesus, I am tired of sinning."

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“Yes, Lord, I'm coming to Glory!”

“Halleluiah! Amen!”

The Rev. Mrs. Helm would start gaily dancing around among the praying souls, clapping her hands, singing, talking to God ——

“I am with the Spirit! Glory! Glory! God has saved my soul! Glory! Hallelujah! God is my refuge! Oh! Come to Jesus wandering souls! “

The sermons would be directed to those die-hards, such as myself, that had not been converted. The sermon would start when everyone was in a high emotional pitch. The ministers would sound something like this:

“Come to Jesus, tonight! You don't know how long you have! Halleluiah! Come before it's too late! Save your souls from Hell! Halleluiah! Come to Jesus! A beautiful young lady wouldn't give up her worldly ways—Halleluiah! She kept putting off the time to give her soul to God—Oh! Jesus! Suddenly she was taken very ill and died. Oh! God have mercy! Her soul was condemned to Hell! Come to Jesus! Tonight! You don't know when you may go! Oh! Come to Glory with Jesus!

The emotional pitch of the audience by this time was usually at the highest. Often little girls would walk through the audience and grab ahold of a sinner. “Please, come to Jesus,” they would plead with the non-converted sinner. If they could get them to go up to the mourners bench they had done a great service to God.

The confessions at the bench for the morners were usually lost in the hub-bub of religious fervor. Halleluiah! Amen and Glory's to God would drown out the mourner's plea to be filled with the spirit of God.

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The meetings always broke up with everyone happy/ and exhausted, and the men had worked up a good sweat. It's no small trick to yell, sing, laugh, for two or three hours in one evening.

The services during the day were of much the same order. The testimonies to God were always given in the afternoon service. They would go something like this:

“Oh, Lord! I thank thee! I was a poor wandering sinner! The devil had a hold of my soul! Earthly desires filled my heart! Glory! Halleluiah! A little girl led me to the alter altar ! Glory filled my soul! Oh! Praise be to Jesus! He saved my soul from Hell! Glory! Halleluiah! Now I am saved! My soul belongs yo God! Glory! Halleluiah! Amen!”

The meetings to me were a nightmare. I could not be saved. I tried and tried to be converted, to be filled with the Lord. At night when I was lying in the dark of my tent, just before going to sleep I would worry about why I couldn't be filled with the spirit.

I remember a dream that I used to have. I would dream that I was standing by the devil's lake of fire. Poor lost souls were trying to climb out of the fiery lake onto the safe ground. The devil with a hideous leer on his face would pitch the lost souls back into the fiery depths of the lake with a long pitchfork! The terror of that dream was horrible. Many, many nights I was awakened by the horror of the devil's fiery lake.

My mother was quite distressed that I could not be converted, I realized the difference between right and wrong, but conversion—or the spirit of God simply could not—and I tried mighty hard—fill my soul. To this day some of my family think I am a lost soul. It is all so silly.

Those camp meetings were really a racket. The preachers would fill 15 those people with religious fervor and then when they were converted they would give him a lot of money.

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Just a racket. I must say though the racket certainly did pay. The preachers not only got everybody's money but free board and lodgings.

Two or three other songs that I remember that were well received at religious gatherings were:

Asleep in Jesus

Shall We Gather At The River

Sweet By and By

Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?

Just As I Am Without One Plea.

The last song mentioned was a powerful appeal often used to get the sinners to come to the mourner's bench. In a sense of the word it was the Spirit's last tussle with the sin in the sinner. If that song failed—you were usually considered hopeless.

Here is an incident that I remember hearing at an early date. It is religious but does not concern a camp meeting.

A pioneer Methodist minister's daughter recollects sitting at the end of a row of chairs in a church choir. One man, who did not believe in church organizations as being too worldly-minded, was present. He scoffed at style as being wicked. He was a striking figure with his bushy, uncombed, gray hair. He wore a stiff-bosomed shirt with no collar, tie, or cuffs. Where he should have worn collar and cuff buttons, the fastenings were red druggists twine. It was near Easter, and he spoke "in meetin'", thusly, "There are Judas I-scare-its today, just the same as when Jesus was put in the see-pul-chur."

Form D

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Extra Comment

Federal Writers' Project

Works Progress Administration

OREGON FOLKLORE STUDIES

Name of worker William C. Haight Date February 20, 1939

Address 1225 S. W. Alder Street, Portland, Oregon

Subject Small Town Folkways

Name and address of informant Mrs. Ingalls, Elks Building, Portland, Oregon.

Comment:

The informant in this interview was cooperative. There was not the slightest hesitation in giving the interviewer any information he wanted.

There is other material that could be obtained from her. However, the material used in this interview, I believe, to be the best she has.

This interview is of particular note because a famous Oregon author was subjected to the same environment as the informant.

Attached are a number of verses and personally written comments, taken from an autograph album which the informant has kept since the early 1880's.

The first entry in this book was written by Mrs. Ingall's brother, a celebrated novelist of the Oregon country, in the 1890's

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The Prelude

Frederic Balch, Hood River, Oregon

December 29, 1886. Life passes in the passing of a day So swiftly melting his wreath of spray, Life's flowers; color and sweet-perfume Fade ever in darkness and gloom.

2

2. You've memory's treasure casket-here Verse-gems from friends cherished dear Sweet-words written of love and of trust Written by hands that reach out to the dust.

3. Words you will read in coming years Read with passionate longing and tears Where of those whom you loved, will remain Only the tracing of pen and name.

4. Only the hope of the splendor above There no death-shade darkens our love Where the requiem crys in the triumph grand There sorrows cease, in Beulah land.

(Heaven was written first, crossed out and Beulah inserted).

Rolling Prairie Farm

January 2, 1887. (No name) Make friends with the sunshine, the wind and the rain And your friendships, my dear girl, will ne'er be in vain. Tell your sorrows and joys to the flowers and trees, They never will whisper a hum e'en to the breeze. Fall in love with a Canyon or thicket or laugh If you wish to avoid strife, and heart-ache and wrangle For in sickness and health, lest you do what you will, You'll find in pure Nature a true lover still. I have plenty more good advice lying about Which I leave you to guess— my "machine" is played out.

March 25, 1881.

My dear daughter.

You will find as we who are older have found that life has many hard realities under which the golden fancies of youth fade and Crumble in just a little while. As you go out into the shadows of life take with you a simple childlike faith in God and never let go of it. Trust in the Lord at all times.

Your mother.

3

E. T. Hodge

No date. Be intimate with one. Have communion with few. Deal justly with all. Speak ill of none.

Dear Gertie:

Strive to have your whole life a witness to the power of grace to help one to conquer every evil passion, to cleanse and purify the heart, to help one to holy living to an earnest longing to glorify God each day of your life that all who know you may take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus and learned of him, so shall you have a right to enter in through the gates into the City and partake of the fruit of the tree of life and go no more out forever this is the best wish of your friend and well wisher.

Milton Wright, Dayton, Ohio. June 21, A. D. 1887.

There is comfort in the thought, that virtue, modesty, intelligence, industry and heartfelt piety are jewels which adorn woman's soul here, render her life beautiful and valuable and

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insure a safe passport to immortality. They are gems in the crown of female beauty and loveliness.

June 15th, 1888

J. F.

October violets, from beaks of fading green. With modest grace reveal their bells of blue; this gladly greet we, in life's sober autumn scene, the springtime friends whose hearts keep warm and true.

4

L. Clark

Hood River, Oregon.

February 20, 1887. "The bravest are the tenderest The loving are the daring."

Seattle W. T.

January 24, 1887.

Dear Gertie:

When you are reading o'er the autographs of which your many friends have written, while reading this one, don't forget to call to memory the promise which we made and also remember that promises should not be made like pie crust for they are made to be broken.

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Dear Gertie:

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner. Your friend, Grace Clark, Hood River,
February 20, 1887.

Dear Gertie: Remember well and bear in mind A handsome man is hard to find But when
you find one good and true Cling to him like Spaulding's Glue.

January 26, 1887.

————— As through girlhood's years you go, You'll think the boys perfection As
you are to have a beau, Be careful of the selection.

Counselor.

5

T. R. Coon, Hood River, Oregon, December 1886. "Life is but the seed-time; Every hand
must sow, Swelling seed we scatter Wherever so 'e'er we go. In the mystic future Sowing
time will cease, Every hand must gather All the fair increase."

Frank R. Spaulding

February 1887. There are oasis along the desert of life where we enjoy one another's
society for a brief moment and then part to meet on earth again no more. Thus we're
meeting here today Soon we'll wander far away: But faith looks out beyond this Surf

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beaten shore To that land where we may meet And part no more "Be thou faithful unto death And I will give thee a crown of life.

Mrs. David Knowles

April 22, 1897. Years following years steal something every day At last they steal us from ourselves away.

Mrs. J. N. McCay

April 27, 1888

Dear Gertie:

Make good use of today you are not sure of tomorrow is the advice of your friend. Your teacher.

6

Mrs H. Clark

March 6, 1887. But O, if thornless flowers Throughout thy pathway bloom And gaily fleet the hours Unstained by earthly gloom Still, let not every thought To this poor world be given, Nor always be forgot Thy better rest in heaven.

Minnie

Hood River, Oregon

April, 1888.

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Dear Gertie When I compare what I have lost with what I have gained, What I have missed, with what attained, little room do I find for pride, I am aware how many days have been idly spent. How like an arrow the good intent has fallen short or been turned aside, But who shall dare to measure loss and gain in this wise? Defeat may be victory in disguise, the lowest ebb the turn of the tide.

D. G. Barrett. "Be good, sweet child, and let who will be clean. Do noble deeds, and not dream them all day long, And make of life, death and the vast forever, One grand sweet song."

Dear Gertie: Remember me when far away, And only half awake; Remember me on your wedding day And send a slice of cake.

Hood River, February 20, 1887.

7

In the future as in the past May our ties of friendship last. May they ever stronger grow. As we journey here below

Hattie.

Oh! Tom:

Hood River, August 5, 1887.

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Friend Gertie: May our faults be written on The seashore and every good action prove a wave to wash them out.

M. A. Phelps, The Dalles

Last but not least.